

Penguin  Readers

DANNY^{THE} CHAMPION OF THE WORLD



Illustrated by Quentin Blake

ROALD DAHL

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DANNY

THE CHAMPION OF THE WORLD

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LEVEL

4

This book has been simplified for English Language Learners
by Saffron Dodd
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ABOUT ROALD DAHL AND QUENTIN BLAKE



Roald Dahl was a children's writer, and many of his stories are very famous across the world. Do you know any Roald Dahl books?



Quentin Blake drew pictures for Roald Dahl's stories. Do you like the pictures in this book? Which is your favourite picture?

About this story

This is a story about a young boy called Danny and a wonderful adventure that he has with his father. Danny and his father live in an old wagon in a small field. All the land around them is owned by a rich and unpleasant man called Mr Victor Hazell, who likes to shoot pheasants. Pheasants are birds.

Pheasant shooting is a sport in the UK. In the UK, you must not shoot pheasants on someone else's land if they have not invited you. This is called "poaching", which is the same as stealing.

MEET ...



Danny



Danny's father



Mr Hazell



Doc Spencer



Sergeant Samways



Mrs Clipstone

Chapter 1 and Chapter 2

NEW WORDS



a wagon (n.)

a small house on four wheels,
pulled by a horse



a garage (n.)

a place where someone
can fix your car



fix (v.)

You *fix* something that
is broken.



poach (v.)

catch or kill an animal on
another person's land



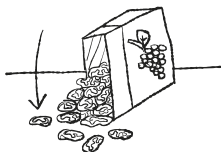
a pheasant (n.)

a large bird with a long tail



a keeper (n.)

a person who keeps animals
safe in a place



a raisin (n.)

a dry grape

Chapter 1 and Chapter 2

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

What will happen in the story?
Answer the questions.

- 1** Look at the first picture on page 9.
What is Danny going to do? How is he feeling?
- 2** Look at the picture on page 12.
What is Danny holding? Who is he with?
- 3** Look at the picture on page 13.
Where is Danny?

Now let's read Chapter 1 and Chapter 2!

CHAPTER 1

Danny and his father

When I was four months old, my mother died suddenly. My father had to look after me by himself. I had no brothers or sisters, so there was only me and my father at home.

We lived in an old **wagon** behind a small **garage** where my father **fixed** people's cars. My father owned our wagon and the garage and the small field behind the wagon. He did not own anything else in the world.



While I was a baby, my father fed me, washed me and played with me. He did all the things that you need to do to look after a young child. This was not easy for him because he had to work at the garage at the same time.

But my father loved me very much. I was a very happy baby, and I grew to be a very happy little boy.

Here I am on my fifth birthday, helping my father at the garage.



The wagon was our house and our home. It was 150 years old, and it was painted yellow, red and blue. It had four big wheels, but it could not move any more because the wheels were too old. There was only one room in the wagon, and it was very small. Our beds were at the back of the room, and one bed was on top of the other bed. My father slept on the top, and I slept on the bottom.



When I needed a bath, my father used warm water in a bowl to wash me. Our toilet was in a little building in the field behind the wagon. It was fine in the summer, but in the winter, it was like sitting in a fridge.

But I loved living in the wagon. My favourite time was in the evenings when I was in bed. My father sat next to me and told me wonderful stories, and I loved falling asleep with him by my side.



My father was not only good at telling stories, he was also excellent at his job. People who lived miles away brought their cars to him. My father loved fixing cars, and I loved it, too. Before I could even walk, the garage was my place to play. Car parts are much more fun than toys, I promise you.

From the moment that I was born, my father started teaching me to fix cars. But when I was nearly five years old, we had to start thinking about school. All children should begin school at the age of five, and my father knew this.

One day, I was helping my father to fix a car when he suddenly said, "I know that you like fixing cars with me, Danny."

"I love it," I said.

"I want to teach you to be great at fixing cars," he said.

“And one day, I hope that you will be a famous man who makes new and better cars and planes. To do that, you need to go to school, but I don’t want to send you there yet. I want you to continue working in the garage with me, and in another two years, you’ll know how to fix a car by yourself. Then you can go to school.”

You might think that my father was silly to teach a young child to fix cars. But I learnt fast, and when I was seven, I really could fix a car by myself. It was time for me to start school.

My school was in the nearest village. We did not have a car because we did not have enough money, so I had to walk for thirty minutes to get there. But I liked the journey. My father came with me to school every morning. When school finished at four in the afternoon, he was always there, waiting to walk back to our wagon with me.

My life went on for a few years in this happy way. I was never bored. I could not be bored when I was with my father because he always had great ideas. For example, one summer, we made and flew a beautiful kite. Another time, he made me a wonderful tree house.

But for my eighth birthday, my father gave me the best gift ever. It was a car, and it was made from old wooden boxes and bicycle wheels. I rode my car every day down

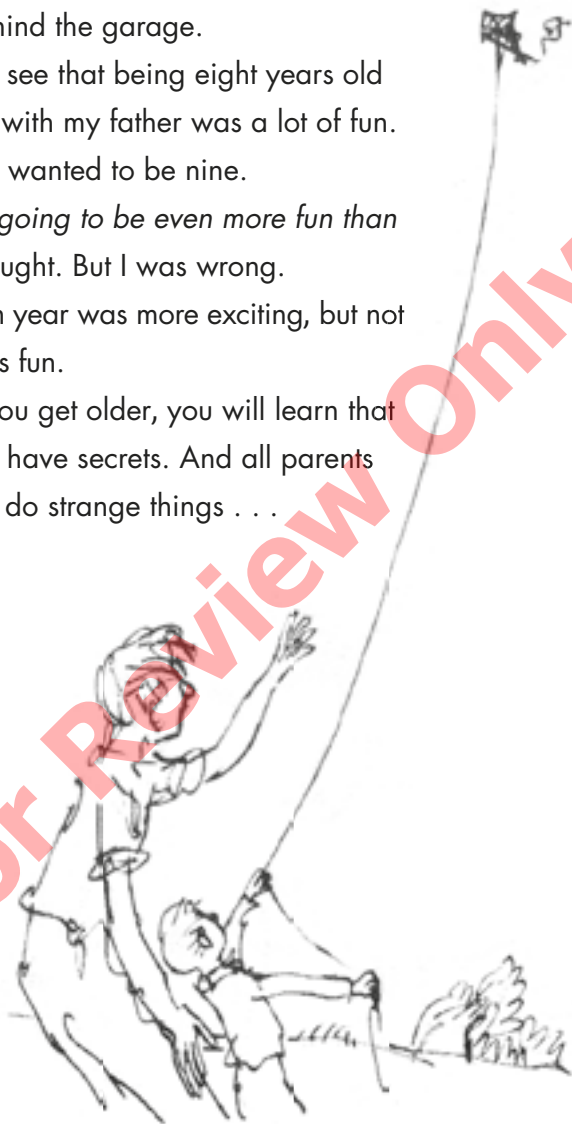
the hill behind the garage.

You can see that being eight years old and living with my father was a lot of fun. But I really wanted to be nine.

Nine is going to be even more fun than eight, I thought. But I was wrong.

My ninth year was more exciting, but not all of it was fun.

When you get older, you will learn that all parents have secrets. And all parents sometimes do strange things . . .



CHAPTER 2

My father's secret

It all started on a Saturday evening. My father and I had dinner together in our wagon, and then I went to bed. He told me a nice story and kissed me. Then I fell asleep.

I woke up during the night and listened to check that my father was there. I could not hear him. My father often worked in the garage at night, so I was not worried.

I listened for the sounds that he usually made while he was in the garage. I always felt safe when I heard those sounds. But I could not hear anything.

I got out of my bed and looked at our clock. The time was ten past eleven. I went to the door of the wagon. "Dad," I said, softly. "Dad, are you there?"

There was no answer.

"Dad!" I called. "Where are you?"

I walked to the garage and turned on the light. The old car



Chapter 1 and Chapter 2

WHAT CAN YOU REMEMBER?

Look at the pictures and the letters.
Now write the words.

1



gnawo

w a g o n

2



chpoa

3



rianis

4



eecker

5



ptheasna

Answer the questions.

1 How old is the wagon?

The wagon is 150 years old.

2 What is Danny's father's job?

3 How does Danny get to school? Why?

4 What can Danny usually hear when he wakes up in the night?

5 Where has Danny's father been on Saturday night? Why?